



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

**MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.**

(Continued.)

"A SECOND time I was in danger of losing myself in the mazes of mysticism. Disgusted with the society which surrounded me, I courted solitude. Indifferent toward the world, which would have forced its pleasures upon me, I aspired to what was unattainable, and my imagination created for me a society of supernatural beings. Such was my situation, when I had the good fortune to meet with a female friend, before my reveries had extinguished within me the feelings of human nature.

"From the day that friendship again attached me to the earth, from which enthusiastic devotion had so nearly disengaged me, I date the third period of my moral life.

"A more unequal pair than myself and the friend who for four years constituted the happiness of my life, fortune certainly never brought together. Though the

very reverse of myself both in person and mind, I conceived a stronger affection for her than for any other object in the world, and in me alone she found what she sought in vain in men and women who were more like herself. She was not of noble birth, neither of that class which ranks the next to the nobility. Her father was master of the public school in the city, and she followed the profession of painting.

"A fancy of my guardian, who wished to see my portrait among his family pictures, was the occasion of this tender attachment, the possibility of which I was so far from suspecting. Francesca and I so perfectly understood each other's looks and words, before she had finished my portrait, that we had scarcely been half an hour together, when we threw ourselves into one another's arms, and thus commenced that union, which time still more strongly cemented. Our unusual manner was, as we soon mutually acknowledged, what engaged the notice of both. But much as she distinguished herself from the rest of her sex, so much did she differ from me. She belonged wholly to the world, which

I was desirous of renouncing, but only that she might, in the feeling of her own independence, set herself above all those demands which the world of course made upon her. She, too, was indifferent about the opinion of others, more indifferent indeed than a woman ought to be; but not like me, from motives of religion. She thought it ridiculous, in judging of our actions, to pay any regard to the opinion of those who cannot be so intimately acquainted with us as we are with ourselves. She was conscientious, but only from principle, and not in order to comply with any rule. Frankness, humour, *naivete*, and enthusiasm for every thing beautiful in the visible world, gave to her ideas an energy, to her words a fire, to her actions a vivacity, and to her whole being a superiority to which I was obliged to submit. It was a long time before I could bring myself to approve of what she said and did. But she had gained my heart. In her mode of feeling, she was more of a man than a woman, and she absorbed all my affection.

"If we continue longer together, my dear friend, I will relate to you some anecdotes, which will prove what a noble mind, though unshackled by rules, my friend possessed. You will then be able to comprehend the dominion which, without wishing to rule, she exercised over my sentiments. From her I learned to forget heaven for earth, which, on account of

the beauties which I discovered and tasted in it, became to me a second heaven. She persuaded me to relinquish my intention of taking the veil. She so thoroughly convinced me of the impossibility of conceiving in imagination the joys of a future life, that I soon began to laugh myself at my mystical reveries. She demonstrated to me that man would not have been placed on earth, had he not been designed to enjoy all the beauties that it affords. My wishes daily grew more human, yet I did not feel myself debased; for any degrading thought or action would perhaps have been more easily forgiven by my confessor, than by my friend. She never talked of principles, and had very few that she followed; but to these few, which comprehended the whole essence of morality, she most strenuously adhered.

"What hours did we pass together in cheerful converse, or in exercising the creative powers of imagination! What plans did we form, what air-built castles did we construct! We traced the course of our future lives down to the remotest period. She was determined never to marry, and I, persuaded by her reasons, resolved to follow her example. We hoped to grow old together, and to show the world that two female friends can dispense with every thing but their mutual affection, and that, to complete their happiness, they have no occasion for the interven-



tion of the other sex. Fate, however, decreed, that this hope should not be realized. My friend, my beloved friend, died.

"Here permit to conclude for to-day the first part of my history. The second begins better, and ends still more unfortunately than the first. Now come with me into the garden, I must shew you the monuments of friendship, as I have shewn you those of love."

The stranger followed the recluse, and was conducted by her from one monument to another, but without paying particular attention to what she saw and heard. More than once, as if absorbed by new thoughts, she held her hand to her forehead, and looked around without taking notice of any thing. The recluse observed her distraction; but she was too deeply engaged with the recollection of past scenes, to enquire the reason of it. Both left the garden in such a confusion, as if they had communicated to each other either too much, or too little. The stranger wished to be alone. At dinner time she begged to be excused, shut herself up in her apartment, and was engaged till evening in writing. When it grew dark, she sent her servant, as she informed the recluse, with a letter to her physician in the next town. This place was likewise a post town, and the servant, instead of going to the physician, procured a courier, whom he dispatched in great haste, with a packet for Marstilles.

Next morning, after breakfast, the recluse related the second part of her story.

"By the death of my friend, I became one of the most forlorn of all beings endued with sensibility. Never had I yet had such experience of life—never had I sustained such a loss. To heaven I had been unfaithful, and earth, as I imagined, had nothing more to offer. I had advanced so far beyond the childish affection with which I had four years before been attached to the memory of my father, that I could not return to it. During that interval, I had learned too much. I had become too intimately acquainted with hope, to be satisfied with that compensation, which recollection could afford. That I, who was ready to make such sacrifices, should be deprived of that which constituted my only happiness, seemed to me an unprecedented hardship. The excess of my grief was not mitigated by religion; on the contrary, I murmured at the decrees of fate. My melancholy was converted into sullen indifference.

"In this state, in which I pushed aside every hand that was outstretched to support me, I continued almost a year, discontented with myself, and still more dissatisfied with the world. Sometimes I encouraged my former resolution of taking the veil, at others I abandoned it again, because the monastic life appeared joyless and un-

comfortable. A feeling, for which I could find no name, impelled me onward, as it were, and frustrated all my endeavours to sacrifice the future to the past. I had at one time been ready to resign every thing; but now, when it came to the trial, so far from submitting to the will of fate, I seemed disposed to extort from it by force its most valuable gift. And could any gift be more precious than such a friend as she whose loss I deplored? The thought of dying unbeloved, was almost as terrible as that of everlasting perdition.

"Before I was fifteen, I had read most of the celebrated novels, and among the rest, Rousseau's *Heloise*. At that time I could not conceive how this book could be thought so dangerous; for its perusal had as often given me *ennui*, as pleasure. A few passages, however, had impressed themselves more deeply on my memory than I wished; and these glowed within me in characters of fire, now when I darted my anxious looks into futurity, as into an unknown wilderness. "I too shall die without having lived," exclaimed a voice in my bosom. I read *Heloise* a second time, and now my imagination, to which friendship no longer afforded nourishment, was occupied with images of disappointed love. Thus in my nineteenth year, I was ripe for my fate.

"Engaged with reveries, which

fortunately nobody divined, I awaited, in a company which my guardian had invited, the arrival of my brother. Private business had separated him from us for half a year. He had been in Russia, was now on his return, and as he informed us, was accompanied by a fellow-traveller from the north of Germany, who intended to pass through our city, on his way to Vienna. A fellow-traveller of my brother! thought I, what can that be but a man like himself! and consequently a person from whose society I can promise myself no pleasure or comfort? I nevertheless, found a satisfaction in figuring to myself his image, not such as I expected, but as I wished him to look. My brother had mentioned that he would pass a few days with us. Such were the thoughts with which I was occupied, while we were waiting on the appointed day for the arrival of the travellers.

"If the trifling circumstances of that day were as interesting to you, my friend, as to me, I would relate to you all that passed from minute to minute; I would tell you how each of the company sat or stood, when the travellers entered, and every word that passed between them and myself, on the occasion.

"It was a serene day of autumn. We had assembled in a garden in front of the house. The company was numerous; preparations had been made for an entertainment, and fireworks provided for the



evening. I was tormented with questions about my ill-humour; my play-fellows, for so they shall be called, though I had little inclination to partake of their sports, plundered the plumb-trees, and pelted each other with the fruit, while I took my scissars from the case, and cut profiles out of the leaves.

"But what are all these trifles to you? You must be aware of what is to follow, and that my brother's fellow-traveller, who became acquainted with me when in such an ill humour, is destined to make a conspicuous figure in my history. My eyes discovered him sooner than his perceived me; my whole soul was fixed upon him the moment I saw him, so that I almost entirely forgot my brother. How could it be otherwise? He bore no resemblance to my brother, either in his appearance or his behaviour. How, thought I, could two persons, so totally different, form an acquaintance with each other?

"My brother first presented his companion to my guardian, and then introduced him to me. I blushed like a child that had never seen a stranger before. One circumstance not a little remarkable, was, that this stranger actually had some resemblance to the picture of him which my imagination had drawn. The world would not perhaps reckon him handsome. He was tall, and rather slender than otherwise. His countenance

displayed more delicacy than fire; but every feature was replete with animation, and his eye moved as though it could speak every language. It seemed to me as if at that moment we sympathized even in our humour. He was grave and absent; his tone was colder than I should have expected from so accomplished a man, when paying the first compliment to a female; and yet he appeared uneasy when, after a few common questions and answers, I left him to the company, and addressed myself to an older acquaintance.

"I followed him with my eyes, but not without great caution, and then I thought he was not observing me. It afforded me some small satisfaction, that he was not more talkative with the other ladies to whom he was presented, than with me; with the gentlemen also, he was extremely short. I took aside one of my acquaintance after the other, and asked how they liked the stranger. They thought him interesting, as they were pleased to express themselves, but not at all amiable. I declared that he had made the same impression upon me, though in fact, it was of a very different kind.

"It was not long before he again stood, without having sought me, by my side. He was now more talkative, and conversed in as different a tone as though the quarter of an hour in which we had not spoken to each other, had been a

year, passed in habits of the closest intimacy. Travelling, and the uniformity of common life, were the subjects of conversation; every word he said, proved to me that he had thought much, and that his sentiments respecting life in general, nearly coincided with mine. Some ladies, who had pretensions to wit, joined in our conversation; he listened to them with the same politeness, as to me. Whatever they said, obtained them some compliment, but my only recompence was his serious approbation. The ladies did not seem perfectly satisfied with their share, but I was so much the more pleased with mine.

[*To be continued.*]

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*Extract from*

A VIEW OF MODERN PARIS.

(*Concluded.*)

WITH the situation of the rest of the Napoleon family, the world are pretty well acquainted. They know that Lucien (who is reported to be a man of ability and erudition) lives in a state of exile, at Tivoli, near Rome; the causes of this seclusion are perhaps unknown to any but the parties immediately concerned; many are assigned on the Continent, but none absolutely confirmed.

Jos. Napoleon is partially recog-

nised as King of Naples: his consort is sister to M. Antoine, mayor of Marseilles, who is a worthy and unambitious man.

Louis Napoleon is partially recognised as King of Holland, very much against the will of a majority of the Mynheers, who certainly merit the military rigour which they endure. As the frogs of Batavia croaked most unreasonably at King Log, they must not complain that fate has sent them a King Stork.

Jerome Napoleon is partially recognised as King of Westphalia, and is married to a daughter of the King of Wi temberg, the consort of the Princess Royal of England! I have been in company with this new-fledged monarch, in the United States, where he was accompanied by his wife, late Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and his physician and secretary. He is a delicately made man of modern manners, and seemed to me to possess tolerable understanding; I rather think that "greatness has been thrust upon him," perhaps at the pressing instances of Madame la Mère (the imperial mother) who is most tenderly attached to this her youngest son.

Field-marshal Berthier, prince of Neufchatel, is minister of war, and among the first personal favourites of Napoleon. To him is assigned the organization of those vast military plans which originate in his warlike master. At the bat-



tle of Marengo, this officer, who was second in command, rode up to Bonaparte, when victory was inclining to the Austrians, and exclaimed, "General, I fear the day is lost, for the enemy's cavalry have penetrated our right wing." "This is the first time (replied Bonaparte) that I have seen Gen. Berthier in agitation!" on which he galloped off, and placing himself at the head of Desaix's corps of reserve, charged the Austrians, and gained the day.

"The present war establishment of France, consists of nearly one million, including the *gens d'armes*, &c. The armies are recruited by an annual levy of 80,000 conscripts, of which 50,000 are raised in the three first months of the year, and 30,000, which is called the reserve, in the remainder. They are raised by ballot in each department, which furnish their *quotas*, agreeable to their population. All descriptions of persons, excepting the clergy, and registered officers, are liable to this levy, which is selected from those young men who have passed their twentieth year, and not arrived at their twenty-third. When the lot falls on the son of a rich man, from 4 to 15,000 francs are frequently given for a substitute, who must be previously examined, and approved by a military commission, in each department. When any of the conscripts are refractory to the marching orders, they are chained together, and sent under an escort to the armies!

M. Champagny is the minister of the interior: to whom is confided the regulation of every thing that leads to the internal prosperity or embellishment of the empire.\* He is now raising, under the orders of Napoleon, the following superb structures in Paris:—

A column in the Place Vendome, to the French arms; it is to be 150 feet high; in the inside is a spiral staircase, and on the outside are to be placed many of the cannon which have been taken from the Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, and other nations. The sides are to be decorated with appropriate sculpture, in imitation of the column of Trajan, at Rome, and on the summit is to be placed a statue of Napoleon. To render the effect of this column more striking, they have cut a handsome avenue, from the place Vendome, to the Boulevards.

A martial Temple, on the Boulevards St. Honoré, in which are to be placed the statues of all the generals who have served under Napoleon, with the various standards taken in battle: and on plates of gold are to be engraven the names of all the officers and soldiers who have fallen; and on plates of sil-

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\* Since writing the above, I understand that M. Champagny is made minister for foreign affairs, and Gen. Clark is made minister of the war department.

ver, of all those who may have survived these conflicts of horror and carnage.

A triumphal Arch, at the Thuilleries, as already described.

A Temple to Victory, at the barriere of the *Champs Elysées*, which is to be encircled with several colonnades, and of a magnitude so extensive, that they deemed it necessary to lay the foundation ninety feet beneath the surface.

A new facade to the *Palais du Corps Legislatif*.

The Column of Rostock, brought from Prussia by Napoleon, where it was erected by Frederick the Great, to commemorate a victory over the French armies.

The New Gallery of the Louvre.

The *Quai Desaix*, which is to be faced with a piazza.

The Pantheon of St. Genevieve. The new bridge of the *Champ de Mars*, &c.

In regard to your question on the state of those public characters who was so conspicuous during the revolution, and who are yet living, I can only answer imperfectly; General Moreau lives at New-York, in the state of New-York, in America. General Humbert, (who was in Ireland) is in a state of domestic exile in Nantes, on

a suspicion of being accessory to the plans imputed to Moreau. Tallien, who overthrew the monster Robespierre, is now a commercial agent in the Adriatic. Barrere, the inflated orator of the democratic assemblies of Paris, is now the author of the leading article of the *Argus* of Paris, which is translated into English, under the inspection of a Censor. Voiney is a senator, but is not in favour at St. Cloud; he receives the salary, and lives in rural sequestration. The Abbe Sieyes, who had been the secret, but efficient mover of the governing machine, previous to the consulate of Bonaparte, lives in philosophic retirement: his influence is still supposed to be great, but he has never been known to exercise it for his own emolument.

I visited M. Barras at his *chateau*, where he lives, almost in a state of seclusion from society. He amused himself with the diversions of the chace, but the use of fire-arms being interdicted by the prefect of that department, in consequence of an assault upon a few *gens d'armes*, by some robbers, his pleasures are now confined to reading, and the conversation of a very limited number of visitors. Such is the recluse and fallen state of a man, who but a few years since, was the dictator of France, and the origin of the imperial greatness of Napoleon himself!

The rest of the democratic ac-



tors, may be presumed to be in a state of secret mortification : those who have virtue, regretting the consequence of their folly, and those who are incurably desperate, lamenting that order and security is restored to society, on any terms whatever.

Thus ends the trivial, but temperate and well-meant statement. If you should object to the application of the epithet *great*, to the conqueror Napoleon, you must recollect that the Grecian Alexander possessed it on the same terms, and until mankind shall assign a greater portion of honour to their benefactors than their destroyers, such an annexation of false dignity, will run current in opinion.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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#### MUTABILITY.

WHEREVER we turn our eyes, whether to contemplate the wonderful and stupendous works of nature, the vast and mighty productions of art and labour, or man the boasted lord of this lower world, we shall readily acknowledge the transitory, changing, and fickle nature of all things here below. How many have we seen ushered in, how many swept off the stage of existence ? How often have we seen the roses of beauty wither and decay ? the smiling youth, on whose gladdened brow sat the bloom of

health, and whose expressive eye darted forth sun-like radiance, suddenly drop from his emmence, into the silent tomb ! How often have we seen the votary of ambition, in sight of gilded scenes of honour and glory, enraptured with the hopes of future kingdoms and empires, disappointed of his gay expectations, and obliged to confess that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit ?" At one time, we feel the beneficial influence of peace, smiling upon our country, heightening all the enjoyments of life, and soothing our reflexions to tranquillity—at another time, destructive war, with horrid and appalling accents, holding dominion over our land, moistening its fruitful vallies with blood, and mowing down *all*, in one indiscriminate heap of ruins. How indefatigable then, how industrious should we be to cultivate and improve that better part which shall survive the 'crush of worlds,' and the ruin of all created things ? which when ambition's meteors cease to play, when the body is weak and decrepid, the instrument of its power enfeebled and exhausted, still is as bright and vigourous as its commencement.

This thought of the immortality of the soul is a powerful argument against the disagreeable emotions which arise from contemplating the mutability and uncertainty of all terrestrial objects. Yet how melancholy to reflect upon the transitoriness of all the objects

which concern our existence. To contemplate the dissolution and decay of all the objects of our friendship and benevolence ; to view the parent of our love, the child of our bosom, the partner of our affections, successively obeying the irresistible mandates of all-powerful mutability. Then to look inwards into our own bosoms, and perceive the shadowy succession of hopes and fears, the relinquishment of those vigorous and blooming ideas which youth inspires, and the substitution of the more unpleasing thoughts, which occupy manhood, of the fleeting and passing nature of youth ; to contemplate with what an amazing and accelerated rapidity, we are continually hurrying forward, leaving behind all that formerly delighted and kept alive our spirits, into that unknown futurity, "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Tired of this inward view of our gradual decay, we begin to repine, and would be unspeakably unhappy, had not the great author of nature so wisely contrived it, that this changing condition should bring along with it its pleasures, as well as its pains. For how gratifying to unsatisfied ambition to reflect, that those splendid and glittering glories, which now elude his eager grasp, will themselves decay : will no more please and flatter those who may succeed him—will lose their charms and irresistible attractions, and in the end inflict upon others that disappointment

which they have inflicted upon him. Who could bear the "oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay," were he not soothed by the gratifying thought that, according to the course of nature, in a little while, these evils will be changed. That that beauty, that symmetry of form, and polish of mind, which now raises emotions of love to be disappointed, will soon wither and decay, will be reduced to mouldering dust, and indiscriminate commixture with its parent earth. When sickness seizes us, when affliction's iron enters into our breast, when pain, that "cruel spoiler, that enbosomed foe," embitters all our bliss, when the clouds of calamity and distress lower over our heads, ready to burst their heavy contents upon us, when death deprives us of our friend and support, what is it which administers the readiest help, the most efficacious medicine, but that principle of change, which whispers to us, that carried down the stream of time with accelerated velocity, these causes of regret and disappointments, of uneasiness, sorrow, and pain, of fears and calamities, will be left far behind us, and never again return to embitter our existence.

P. E.

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THE words of love sleep in the ear that is too dull to comprehend her silence.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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A SHORT DISSERTATION UPON  
LONG THINGS.

A LONG nose on a man's face, is generally pronounced to be a very favourable index, but like many other indexes, it is frequently erroneous. Short and sweet is a phrase proverbial, but it is a proverb never adopted by the ladies. The fair sex is very fond of going the greatest *lengths* imaginable, and only stop for a short pause, and go on again. *Long* mercers bills, and *long* indulgence, should be their invariable motto. They admire a *long* room, because it is well calculated for a ball. There is one thing, however, that greatly displeases them; that is, remembering for a *long* time past. Another thing they have an utter aversion to, is, a *long* sermon. They do not approve of *long* courtship before marriage, but would chuse to be courted *long* enough afterwards. In business, no man likes *long* accounts that are against themselves; but *long* annuities are very agreeable. A *long* purse is a charming thing when well filled. *Long* life or *longevity*, is to old men the most valuable thing on earth. Young men seem to despise it, but yet, as they approach towards old age, appear as desirous of it as

their predecessors. To be beautiful a *long* time, is the sincere wish of every woman, and to be adored *for ever*, is their incessant prayer. In short, *long* things are in general in the greatest estimation; I am, therefore, sorry that I cannot make this dissertation as *long* as my arm.

RODERICK RANDOM.

From the Bee.

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MR. EDITOR,

IT is hard indeed, that of all the frivolity of Hudson, but one assignment should be made, and that fall to the ladies. Unless we girls are greatly deceived, even amongst our beaux, symptoms of weakness and foppery, in no small degree of evidence, are palpable to the most stupid. Our dress, plays, conversation, and manners, are sported in toasts, ridiculed in essays, and caricatured in verse, till the boys whistle them through the streets: but yet your immaculate gentlemen gratulate each other, that among them, "blear eyed suspicion never as yet could scowl upon a foible." But if lame mimicry of the extravagancies of a fashion just as it is vanishing, if low-turned wit, barnyard puns, if slovenly compliments and insipid grimace, be any indications of a frivolous fellow, we girls should meet all our trouble in finding exceptions, to characters of that stamp. Disgusting as are their conversation and dress, their man-

ners are doubly more so. Not a bow or motion do they favor us with, but what is imitated from one of some eminent fglers in Albany or New-York. They fold their arms, and slide down into their chairs, fall back against the wall, and swing their feet from the floor, sit erect, and gaze in stately stupidity over the heads of all in the room, dangle a rattan, rest their elbows upon their knees, their faces on their hands, and stare in the eyes of the ladies they are conversing with ; or loll and slabber round them not as their natural insolence, and clownishness could dictate, but as some popular strutlings have done before them. Yet the attentions of such animals as these we must receive submissively, as they are pleased to bestow them ; and feel right well pleased at home or abroad, that to a new face or an old one more engaging than we can present, the whole of those should not be devoted, whilst we must gratefully take such care of ourselves as we can ; and must besides welcome the bow of one passing us for a partner, or sit beside another, with the same cordiality we receive the addresses of a lover. No predilection must we manifest, to old or young, ugly, or handsome, disgusting, or companionable ; an uniform deportment on our part must be maintained. We must be equally entertained with the snickers of the simple, the chatter of the empty, and the frigid nonsense of the pompous. Cheerful smiles must sit upon our faces,

under neglect and insult ; for should we dare to show any resentment, we are scowled at, scandalized, and hissed from all society.

*A Young Hudson Girl.*

#### EGYPTIAN ANECDOTE.

Translated from the Persian.

ONE night the great Mosque in Egypt took fire, and was burned down. The Mussulmen suspecting the Christians had done it, set fire to their houses in retaliation. The sultan of Egypt seized those who had burned the houses of the Christians, and having collected them together into one place, ordered that as many tickets should be written, as there were offenders. Upon some of these tickets were written, that they should be put to death ; upon others, that they should have a hand cut off ; and upon others, that they should be whipped ; and these lots being thrown among them, each suffered according to his respective chance. A lot which inflicted death, fell upon a young man, who said, " It is not on my own account that I am afraid to suffer death, but I have a mother, who, excepting me, has no one to support and protect her." By the side of him, stood another, whose ticket ordered him only a whipping, and he most heroically exchanged lots with him, saying, " I have no mother," and actually suffered death, while the other received the whipping.



*Parisian Fashions.*

Among the Parisian belles of fashion, in the room of combs, all *coiffures* in hair have behind the head, or on one side, a garland of flowers. The new *stuff* is called *zibelline*; in effect, by the spotting, it is like the *martre-zibelline* (the martine sable). The Jewellers have sold for the last week, an ornament for the neck, *peasant-crosses*, surrounded with fine pearls, with a watch in the centre; so that the ladies carry on their bosoms, a memento of the *time to pray*.

Seigneur Valdrino, paymaster to the camp of Alphonso, king of Arrogan) a man exquisite in courtship and compliment, as two or three were at strife, laying wagers what countryman he was, a blunt, bold captain asked, "What was the matter." "Why, captain," said one, "we are laying a wager what countryman my lord treasurer Valdrino is." "Oh, said the captain, "I can tell you that; I am sure he was born in the land of *Promise*, for I have served the king in his wars these seven years without pay; and ever when I petition to my lord, he pays me with no coin but *promises*, which makes me half assured that he is that countryman."

## ON GAMING.

I have often thought that I could

better understand how a man of honour could reconcile himself to the murderous trade of war, than to the system of the gaming-table; in war he fights with a stranger, a man with whom he has no habits of kindness, and who is fairly apprised that he comes against him with murderous intent; but in play, he robs, perhaps, his brother, his friend, the partner of his bosom, or, in every event, a man seduced into the snare, with all the arts of courtesy, and whom he smiles upon while deluding him to his ruin. No time can wipe away the remembrance of the bitter anguish that I have endured in consequence of gaming. It is torture—it is madness. Poverty, I have drained thy cup to the dregs! I have seen my wife and my children looking to me in vain for bread! When I looked upon them, what were my feelings? Hell has no misery by which it can be thrown into shade, or exceeded.

## GENEROSITY.

At the time when the greatest cruelties were practising in France, and the emigrants were compelled to the most precipitate flight, a French gentleman, who had been saved from the beach by a sailor belonging to the English fleet, was unable to reach the ship, fear and distress having weakened him so much as to render him incapable of swimming. The honest tar immediately took the un-

fortunate emigrant on his back, and struggled hard, amidst a shower of balls from the enemy's batteries, to save both their lives. At length he began to falter; and the weakness of his efforts, not his complaints, shewed his companion that one or both of them must perish. The Frenchman nobly asked the youth, whether he could save his own life if left to himself; and receiving a reluctant reply, that "probably he might, but he would strive for both," the emigrant instantly plunged into the ocean, and was seen no more. The generous tar reached the ship just as he began again to fail, and was saved. This young hero, no less modest than magnanimous, when extolled by his shipmates for his bravery, exerted himself in praise of, and dropped a pitying tear to the memory of the grateful Frenchman, who had sacrificed a life, which he had before taken such pains to preserve, rather than his benefactor should perish.

(By desire.)

The following new words to the old Irish Melody of "*Within this Village dwells a maid*," is a specimen of those songs which were sung at the last festive meeting of the Juvenile Sons of Erin in New-York.

OH ! WHEN I BREATH'D A LAST  
ADIEU.

Oh ! when I breath'd a last adieu,  
To ERIN'S vales and mountains blue,  
Where nurs'd by hope my moments  
flew,  
In life's unclouded spring,

Though on the breezy deck reclin'd,  
I listen'd to the rising wind,  
What fetters could restrain the mind,  
That rov'd on fancy's wing ?

She bore me to the wood-bine bow'r,  
Where oft I pass'd the twilight hour,  
When first I felt love's thrilling pow'r,  
From *Kathleen's* beaming eye :  
Again I watch'd her flushing breast :  
Her honied lip again was prest :  
Again, by sweet confusion blest,  
I drank each melting sigh.

Dost thou, *Kathleen*, my loss deplore ?  
And lone on *Erin's* emerald shore,  
In memory trace the love I bore,  
On all our transports dwell ?  
Can I forget the fatal day,  
That call'd me from thy arms away,  
When nought was left me but to say,  
"Farewell my LOVE—farewell !"

#### MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, Dr. James F. M'Murray, to Miss Catharine C. Crone, daughter of David Crone, Esq. all of this city.

On Sunday, the 6th inst. at the Episcopal Church in Schenectady, George William Featherstonaugh, Esq. of Great Britain, to Miss Duane, daughter of the late James Duane, Esq.

On Wednesday evening, the 9th inst. by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Henry Robinson, to Miss Eliza Bingle.

On the 2nd inst. by the rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Samuel Titus, to Miss Mary Townsend, daughter of Mr. Richard Townsend, all of Westbury, L. Island.

Deaths, in this city, during the week ending on Saturday last—men 13, women 7, boys 11, girls 11—Total 42.





Selected for the Ladies Miscellany.

*SWEET INFANT.*

O THOU sweet infant ! 'semblance of  
thy sire !

Sleep on the bosom which thy lips  
have press'd ;

Rest, my sweet babe ! thy mother's  
tender care !

Close thy dear eyes, by gentle sleep  
oppress'd.

Blest soul ! dear innocence ! thy tender  
form

Tastes a sweet sleep which is no  
more for me !

I wake to nourish, and defend from  
harm,

How sweet to watch, to guard, to  
gaze on thee !

Peace, my sweet babe ! my idol and my  
care !

Sleep on this bosom thou so oft hast  
press'd !

That soon again thy lisping tongue  
may cheer,

Thy little gambols make me still  
more blest.

O thou sweet infant ! 'semblance of thy  
sire !

Sleep on this bosom which thy lips  
have press'd ;

Rest, my sweet babe ! thy mother's ten-  
der care.

Close thy dear eyes, by gentle sleep  
oppress'd.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

*Written in Tripoli, in 1804—By  
William Ray.*

PHILOSOPHERS may prate in vain,

And say whate'er they will,

*Pleasure is pleasure, pain is pain,*

And *mis'ry—mis'ry* still.

While bastinadoes, scoffs and chains,

Insulting tyrants deal,

How fruitless, when the wretch com-  
plains,

To tell him *not to feel*.

When want and sickness, care and  
grief,

Distract the troubled mind,

Where can the sufferer seek relief?

Or where a cordial find !

Not *Seneca*, whose precepts sage,

Eternal fame records ;

Not *Zeno*, from whose freezing page,

Drop blood-congealing words ;

Not *Socrates*, nor *Plato* wise,

Can free us from distress ;

Or tell us where the secret lies,

Of constant happiness.

Nor e'en let conscious virtue boast,

An undisturb'd repose ;

'Tis but an *anodyne* at most,

And not the *cure* of woes.

For oft the brave, the wise, the good,

In hopeless *mis'ry* groan ;

While Princes, drunk with human  
blood,

Sit, joyous, on a throne.

When keen afflictions rend the heart,

And tears of sorrow roll,

Can eoli Philosophy impart,  
A balsam to the soul?

No—Stoicks, carp at grief again,  
But say whate'er you will,  
*Pleasure is pleasure, pain is pain,  
And mis'ry—mis'ry still.*

### CANZON.

WHEN day has smil'd a soft farewell,  
And night-drops bathe each shutting  
bell,  
And shadows sail along the green,  
And birds are still, and winds serene,  
I wander silently ;

And while my lone steps print the  
dew,  
Dear are the dreams that bless my  
view,  
To memory's eye the maid appears,  
For whom have sprung my sweetest  
tears,

So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care  
She binds her braids of sunny hair;  
I feel her harp's melodious thrill  
Strike to my heart—and thence be  
still,

Re-echo'd faithfully :

I meet her mild and quiet eye,  
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,  
See young love beating in her breast,  
And wish to mine its pulses prest,  
Ah, me ! how fervently.

Such are my hours of dear delight,  
And morn but makes me long for  
night.  
And think how swift the minutes  
flew,  
When last amongst the dropping dew  
I wandered silently.

(By desire.)

### TO MARY.

Trust not fair maid, the self admiring  
beau,  
Compos'd of verse, of nonsense, and of  
show ;  
Avoid the rake, nor vainly think, to  
you,  
Who laughs at constancy will e'er be  
true :  
A fool, tho' rich, receive not to your  
arms ;  
He views, insensible, your heav'nly  
charms.  
But, should some gen'rous, kind, de-  
serving youth  
Blest with good sense, good-nature,  
virtue, truth,  
Fir'd with your charms, presses his  
am'rous plea,  
Accept his love—he knows not to be-  
tray ;  
But, conscious of your worth, the gift  
will prize,  
And ever view you with a lover's eyes.

### EPGRAM.

"To be jilted by her whom I lov'd  
from my heart,  
Wounds me," Charles wildly cried,  
"in the *tenderest part*"  
"From your frantic demeanor, I own,"  
replies Ned,  
"Chloe's falsehood appears to have in-  
jur'd your head"

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